

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Hard Truth Soldiers"

(feat. Paris, Dead Prez, The Conscious Daughters, MC Ren)

*[Verse 1: Chuck D]*

Bring that beat back, we set it off "we set it off"  
Got us back for combat, we get it raw "we get it raw"  
With a counterattack over tracks we build minds of the blind  
never calm when we bomb on neocons "let's go"  
Pump the level, the rebel to you  
Never lose or let a devil break up my crew  
Never nervous, serve 'em with the words with purpose it's the  
ColIntel killa black hard truth silverback "damn"  
Still checkin to see just who's set to come along  
when brothers revive that movement  
We bringing the balance back, never non-violent tact  
Guerrilla Funk and P.E. connect  
So know it when you're hearin the rhymes that I'm givin' 'em  
combined with the rythmn designed to expose the sins  
all in it's the master plan  
until the curse is reversed I'm sayin, rebirth of a nation...

*[Verse 2: Professor Griff]*

They call me E-M-E, U-N-O, you know  
P.A., niggaz is opposite of the Po Po  
We say together the ants can conquer the elephants  
They say, fuck what they say 'cause shit is irrelevant  
Soldiers, where's your heart? Show me that love  
What you made of? This is the shit that could make thugs  
Turn revolutionary, 360 he with me she with me  
Anything for you, give up my kidney...

*[Verse 3: Dead Prez]*

Up early in the morning, training with the machete  
Revolutionary, ready for war, never scary  
As an African, my daily regimen is development  
Malcolm X said self defense is intelligent  
So I train in the martial arts  
It's something for warriors, not those with partial hearts "partial hearts"  
We recognize that our people need a military  
So we could take care what's already necessary....

*[Chorus x2: Paris]*

What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah  
Straight Hard Truth Soldier  
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah  
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

*[Verse 4: Paris]*

It's the killa Cal nigga now, showin' disgust

One hitter, still bitter, clips ready to bust  
Gat Turner with the twin burner 21 shots in my drawz  
Red beam on a pig make 'em pause  
And y'all can't fuck with the style I bring  
Been wild as a child ever since I came  
To the knowledge of myself, raise 'em up, maintain  
P-Dog and the Enemy, we bringin' the pain...

*[Verse 5: Conscious Daughters]*

It's the squaw, quick on the draw and quite clean  
Verbal attack, I'm never seen, comin'  
Niggas take off runnin', they know in my tribe  
I'm pitchin' venomous arrows and shovin' bitches aside  
We ride, unified, playin' our part  
Bein' sure that a woman's voice'll never get lost  
Still a soldier in the struggle and aware of the cost  
Motherfucker, thought you knew the people ready for war...

So before I begin, let's commit to rhyme  
Keep the women in the mix and do it one more time  
And that when I get to hittin', know the powder is dry  
Spittin' 'power to the people', hoe, the real gon' shine  
Conscious Daughters in the front, soldier first brigade  
Special One, CMG, Guerrilla Funk, we raid  
Blaze through the competition and we all get paid  
But keep it revolutionary each and every day.....

*[Chorus x2: Paris]*

What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah  
Straight Hard Truth Soldier  
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah  
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*[Verse 6: MC Ren]*

Who that nigga you can call to spit some shit  
And ain't scared of the government, you niggaz lovin' it  
We spread out in different positions  
Tryin' to break these motherfuckers outta prison, listen "yeah"  
Mayday on the front line  
Nigga we G's up in the game, we bust 'till we flatline "what"  
Then they want my black ass to Rock The Vote  
They want as many niggaz they can to fill the boat  
But these house niggaz go fight in Iraq  
Cryin' to they mamma now they wanna come back  
Should'nta took your black ass in the service  
And fuck if I make you nervous, I'ma speak it  
Black revolutionary, that's my title  
While these stupid niggaz wanna be American Idols  
Still ride for the streets, since day one  
We rough with ours homie, straight outta Compton...

*[Chorus x2: Paris]*

What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah

Straight Hard Truth Soldier  
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah  
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

*[Outro: MC Ren Talking]*  
yeah, MC motherfuckin Ren, with my nigga Paris  
Guerrilla Funk